

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

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"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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## The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

### WINNING.

[By the following extracts, indicative of the manner in which Sumner's speech is received by the South, it may be reasonably concluded that it touched a sore spot.]

From the Nashville Union and American.

CHARLES SUMNER.

This infamous notorious Massachusetts Senator has again attacked in the most bitter and vituperative manner the legality and morality of Slavery in the Southern States. The Kansas speech of Mr. Sumner in the spring of 1856 was of such a character as to excite the detestation of every true man in the South. The base misrepresentation of Southern life and the personal attack on the aged Senator from South Carolina (Judge Butler) in his absence, contained in Mr. Sumner's speech, caused Col. Preston S. Brooks to inflict a severe chastisement upon the Abolition slanderer. Sumner's cowardice was only equalled by his mendacity. He meanly crept from the Senate Chamber to have his raw hide licked by the tongues of his fellows in infamy. In his choice, "To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell."

From the New Orleans Crescent.

In a speech characteristic of the man, with all of his old faults of bombast and pretension, he has declaimed in the Senate against what he calls the "barbarism of slavery."

For this extraordinary language we are glad to see that Sumner was properly rebuked by Senator Chestnut. "After ranging over Europe," says Mr. Chestnut, "ranging through the back doors of English aristocracy and fawning at their feet, this slanderer of States and men had appeared in the Senate. He had hoped, after the punishment he had received for his former insolence, the Senator would have learned propriety—but he had reached all his former vulgarities and mendacity. He was not inclined to inflict further punishment upon a man who had gone howling through the world, yelping out volumes of slander!"

Such was the terrible invective which the successor of Judge Butler poured out upon the head of the Massachusetts calumniator.

It is a case simply of a man—a not a man, but of a creature in the shape of a man—who absolutely glories and triumphs in reaching the very lowest bottom of personal degradation.

From the Charleston Courier.

Sumner is evidently a disappointed dastard—bitterly disappointed, in not receiving a renewing touch of gutta serena or bamboo, which he now needs to reanimate his political prominence.

He has infinite resources in cunning and cowardly expedients, and if to the Southern gentlemen who are compelled by duty to sit in the chamber defiled by his pestilent presence, or to meet him in the public ways of Washington, do not keep themselves in constant vigilance, Sumner will yet surprise some of them into bestowing the eagerly coveted censure or kicking. No Senator from South Carolina can hereafter stoop to reply to Charles Sumner, and no representative will have occasion to give him new notice. Let him remain in the solitude of his own irreconcilable and ineffable infamy. If out of the Senate, the creature crawls in the way of any Southern gentleman, let it be put aside with the least possible application of shoe leather.

From the N. O. Playmate.

Mr. Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, has made in the Senate of the United States, the grand demonstration on the subject of slavery, which it has evidently been the task of his life to prepare in the most effectual form, since the case of Preston Brooks left his stripes upon his person for the malignity of his former public invective against the men and the society of the Southern States.

He went into the Senate to deliver the most furious and malignant tirade against slavery and slaveholding, against the slave States of this Union, and the slaveholders of those States, which has ever been uttered in this country by a man above the standard of Fred Douglass or Garrison. For hours he continued to pour out all the hoarded resentment of his heart, in a strain of insult to which the abuse which stung Mr. Brooks into the impudence of chasing him into notoriety was dulcet commonplace.

The Southern Senators sat in contemptuous silence while this railing Abolitionist unpacked his heart of its foul passions and his brain of the unwholesome load of revengeful thoughts.

From the Missouri Democrat.

Monday last Senator Sumner broke the long silence, which the murderous assault, committed on him four years ago, compelled him to maintain at the peril of his life. Uprisen from the dead, as it were, he lays the first offerings of his resuscitated energies and genius on the altar of that cause, for the advocacy of which he was so cruelly stricken down. No feeling of revenge finds a lurking place in his breast. His wrongs contribute no waters of bitterness to the majestic tide of his eloquence. On the contrary, his speech is, indeed, it is easy to see, with the noblest sentiments of magnanimity and charity. He directs the question which he discusses of all personality, declaring that vengeance belongs to the Lord alone. The allusion to his dead enemy, characterized, as it is, by delicacy and solemnity of sentiment, could only emanate from a pure and lofty nature.

From the St. Louis Bulletin.

MR. SUMNER'S MOWL.

Anything like an elaborate criticism of Mr. Sumner's billingsgate would of course tax our

space too greatly, nor would it be necessary. He deals only in denunciation and blasphemy. In rancor, in fulsome, in deliberate and wholesale calumny, Mr. Sumner has in this production far exceeded all his former ravings. Without the dramatic power of Uncle Tom's Cabin, it has all the malignity, perversion and open mendacity, of a book which has done so much to bring about a disastrous and perhaps fatal sectionalism at home, and to slander the whole American name abroad.

From the Baltimore American.

We give the 'gentleman from Massachusetts' the first place, because he is undoubtedly without a peer in Washington or anywhere else. A man of remarkable powers, eloquent and learned, and a monomaniac. In his deliverances upon the slavery question he goes far beyond Smoller, Ben Johnson or Congress in indecency. For four mortal hours he poured out the unclean stream and if we had occupied a seat in that august body, we should have muffled up our face within our mantle while he ran his muck. And then the only thing would have been the last words of Caesar: "Et tu Brute!"

From the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Express.

That embodiment of all that is disgusting and contemptible in manhood—that 'incarnation,' as he was justly called by Senator Chestnut, of 'malice, mendacity and cowardice,'—the notorious Charles Sumner, who disgraces alike the Senate of the United States, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the Continent of North America, and the form of humanity, has again vomited forth one of those ineffable depraved conceptions of his, which it is an abuse of language to dignify with the name of a 'speech.' On Monday he made the Senate chamber hideous with his foul and loathsome splutterings, and the wonder is how any decent member managed to sit five minutes under the sounds of his voice as they must have resembled the mutterings of a fiend in the pit more than the modulations of a tongue touched with the sympathies and instincts of ordinary morality.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

The United States Senate was yesterday subjected to the indignity of a harangue from Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts. His theme, of course, was the vilification of those States which still retain the institution of African slavery, and vituperation against those citizens who are the bullies of slaves.

Some persons had supposed that the only good effect which could result from the outrage perpetrated upon this individual, some years ago, (which temporarily caused him to be considered a martyr, and caused his resolution to the Senate) would be the silence it would secure from him, and the relief, at least during that time, to the Senate and the country. But now that bulletins in regard to the state of his health are no longer paraded, and his whereabouts and wanderings have lost all interest, he must needs do something to show he still lives. And the surest way was the one which had already succeeded,—which had secured to him a notoriety throughout the land as the most malicious, vituperative, and soundly thrashed man upon the floor of the Senate.

From the Louisville Democrat.

SPEECH OF SUMNER.

This is a marvellous production; both in substance and in length. The author has spent the last four years in its composition, and conned over all that could be said in the smoothest and most insulting manner against slavery and slaveholders. After reading it we excused Brooks for whipping him. We don't think any other appropriate answer could be given, except silent contempt. The delivery of such a tirade in such a place proves the author destitute of taste and judgment and of the common instincts of a gentleman. His facts brought up to disparage Southern men are overbalanced by this one speech made by a free State man in the Senate. No Southern man was ever guilty of such an outrage on decency, as this man Sumner, the Senator from Massachusetts.

He talks about freedom of speech. Because we hold to freedom of speech, we are not required to listen to every blackguard who chooses to disgrace his mankind by his vulgarity. The disgusting ribaldry of the ruffian we can set down to passion; but the elaborate effusions of malice flow from a low instinct, incapable of restraint, and incompetent to feel its depravity.

From the Louisville Journal.

We have always thought it a shame that the Democratic and Abolition parties of Massachusetts amalgamated and sent Charles Sumner to the United States Senate, but that's no reason why we should not denounce the brutality of Senator Chestnut's remarks in reply to his late speech. We do not think that any gentleman, though we have hitherto thought Mr. Chestnut one, could have been guilty of such remarks. If the South Carolina Senator was anxious to denounce and grossly insult some abolition member of Congress for an anti-slavery speech, he certainly knew a good many of them who had made far coarser and bitterer, and more ferocious ones than that of the Massachusetts Senator. Mr. Chestnut spoke of Mr. Sumner as a coward, and we have no sort of doubt that he was perfectly sincere in his opinion. He meant to be discreet in the selection of the object of his attack. He didn't like the thought of being a cracked Chestnut.

RUN AWAY SLAVE.—Mr. Hollis, from Boone county Ky., was in the city yesterday in search of a runaway negro, who has been missing since Monday, and who, he states, he believes to have been carried away by a book pedlar, who was about the premises the Saturday previous. No tidings, however, could be obtained of the abandoned chattel and effects, and Mr. Hollis returned home satisfied that he has been passed through upon the underground railroad.—Cincinnati Commercial, June 29.

## JOHN MITCHELL ON AMERICAN POLITICS.

The Milwaukee Free Democrat brings us the following, which is of interest as showing the latest phase of the vagaries of its brilliant author. It appears that he is a believer in free labor for the North, and disunion for the South:

LETTER FROM JOHN MITCHELL.

CHICAGO, JUNE 10, 1860.

To the Editor of the Free Democrat: In the Free Democrat of the 7th, I observe you do me the justice to repel, in my behalf, an idea which you say prevailed in your city, namely that I came to the Northwest on the present occasion, under color of lecturing about European affairs to make political harangues for the benefit of the Democratic Party. If the persons who entertain such suspicion came and listened to my lecture, they must have been undeceived. Be assured, also, that if I undertook to 'stump' Wisconsin at all, it would be for anything else rather than the Democratic party.

For three years I have been laboring in my sphere of journalism, to break up that party, and I hope not altogether without effect. There is no Democratic party now, that I am aware of; it was kept alive for years longer than it had any right to live, by the generous zeal and attachment of the Irish-born citizens of Northern States, who loved it for the traditions and associations of its vigorous prime. It is impossible any longer to belong to a party which is dead and gone, the soul having gone out of it, and the very body torn from limb to limb. If I had any credit with my fellow-countrymen, I should exert them to seek new combinations—to isolate themselves no longer as the 'Irish vote'—to merge in the several organizations of their fellow citizens, and be guided in all public affairs by their own views of right and the political interest of the community in which they live. For example, I should wish to see Irish citizens of Northern States acting with the party which desires a protective tariff for home industry, and also the largest possible extent of territory for free labor. If the South felt aggrieved, as well she may, she has her remedy.

I know that Irish citizens have avoided freesoilism and protection, because they felt that such doctrines and measures are unjust to the South and injurious to Southern rights in this Union; and so, to protect those rights they have voted hitherto against their own business industrial interests. They may as well give up that generous struggle. It is too late; the South cannot be saved in the North, nor by the North, and must either save herself or go un saved. If the Republican party had nominated Mr. Seward, their great Statesman, leader and Creator, most of the Northern Irish—perhaps nearly all, would certainly have supported him; bound to him as they are by his uniform vindication of their rights as citizens—even sometimes against his own party. On the other hand, Irishmen dwelling South, well I presume, most generally he disciples (as I am myself) of Mr. Yancey, of Alabama. Mr. Seward is right in asserting that there is an irrepressible conflict, and Mr. Yancey is right in admitting and accepting that fact, with a view of ending said conflict in the easiest way—namely, by Dissolution of the Confederacy. Your obedient servant,

JOHN MITCHELL.

## THE COLORED MAN'S CATECHISM.

The Synod of Mississippi has published a catechism for the religious instruction of the colored people; in which the following questions and answers occur:

Q. Are not the servants bound to obey their masters?

A. Yes, the Bible exhorts servants to be obedient to their masters, and to please them in all things, not answering again.

Q. If a master be unreasonable may the slave disobey?

A. No, the Bible says, 'Servants be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward.'

Q. What does the Bible say to servants on this subject?

A. They are to obey, not with eye service to men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ.

Q. If servants suffer unjustly, what are they to do?

A. They must bear it patiently.

Q. Ought servants to rebel against the authority of their masters?

A. No, it is a sin against God and man.

Q. Should servants ever run away?

A. No, if they do, they sin against God and man.

Q. How do you know this?

A. The Bible tells us that the Apostle Paul found a servant who ran away from his master, and he sent him home.

Q. Why did not Paul conceal him, that he might be free?

A. Because he would not make religion a cloak for injustice.

That will do! This is certainly the pursuit of religion under difficulties.

ARREST FOR CIRCULATING INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS.—J. B. Brown, a resident of this county, was arrested yesterday at the Long Bridge, on a warrant issued by Justice Noah Drummond, on a charge of circulating the Helper book and other incendiary documents. He was brought to this city by a police officer specially dispatched for the purpose, assisted by a citizen of the county, and taken before Justice Price, who committed him to jail in default of \$2,000 bail. Brown was a delegate to the Wheeling and Chicago 'Republican' Conventions, and voted for Fremont in 1856. He has been suspected for some time of entertaining sentiments inimical to the South, and of circulating incendiary documents, and when arrested had about his person several copies of the Helper book and other publications of similar character.—Alexandria (Va.) Gazette, June 6.

We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one does so. Perhaps superior beings laugh heartily at us for exactly the same reason.

## THE MOTHER OF PRESIDENTS. THE MARKET FOR NEGROES.

[In the Cincinnati Commercial we find the following description of the great slave mart at Richmond, Va., the Capital of that State which owed to least of the Presidents she gave to the nation.]

We are not directly concerned in the operations of the negro market, but some of the figures and facts may be of general interest. The slave trade, then, is carried on at this point with a vigor unknown in any other market in the world. There is no city or depot in Asia, or on the shores of Africa, or in the islands of the sea, where so many slaves are annually sold, as in this place. I am informed that the average sales are nearly a thousand per week. This may be an exaggeration, but certainly the sales are very large, and amount to twenty or thirty thousand at least per year. There are often, in busy seasons, as many as two hundred sold per day. One portion of the town is devoted almost exclusively to negro jails and auction houses. Passing along one of the principal streets, you look down a small valley, full of two-story houses, surrounded by big walls, you observe that the verandas and walls are well white washed, and that there is an air of extreme cleanliness about them; but they are negro pens. Here it is a matter of policy to treat the negroes well, to give them plenty to eat, and to dress them neatly, and make them cheerful. They sell better when in fine condition. From the street of which I speak, that commands a view of the negro pens, you can see the high-walled yards and the white washed porches, swarming with little negroes, cowering about like monkeys, while the negro men and women are—some loitering at ease, listlessly, and others pacing up and down like wild beasts in cages.

The sale rooms are located near each other on Franklin street, within half a square of the principal hotel. They are, however, in a portion of the town unfrequented by any persons except the negro and horse traders, and are in the immediate vicinity of the lively and sale stables, with which they are mixed as if a common business were done. Passing down the street you see about half a dozen red flags hanging out. I think there are eight auction rooms in sight at once. Upon the flags are pinned notices of the sales that are to take place—the hour (ten if the morning is the hour when the principal sales take place)—and the number of negroes to be sold. There are such notices as this: "Ten very fine, large—men, women, and children—to be sold this morning." The rooms are large and airy. The floors are sprinkled with clean white sand from the sea-side. There are plenty of benches and arm chairs for the accommodation of customers. There is a table in the centre of the room which the negroes mount when they are to be sold. Looking into one of these rooms you will usually see before the sale hour a party of negroes sitting seated on a bench. The moment you enter a row of glittering eyes are fastened with singular intensity upon your face. The negroes are studying you to see how they would like to have you for a master, and if they think they would like you, they try, poor creatures, to look as pleasing as they can. And it requires some nerve in one not bred among slaves to regard so suggestive a spectacle without emotion. I visited one of these places this morning while a sale of a lot of negroes from Delaware was progressing. The room was on the corner of a street on a side hill. The basement was occupied by a coffee-house called the "Washington House." The sale-room was very large—say forty feet by twenty-five, with side apartments for the slaves, and a back office for the recording clerk. The bidding was lively; nearly a hundred men were present. A considerable number of regular slave traders buying for the New Orleans and other markets; and Southern planters competing for the choice articles. A very lively young negro, black as a coal was on the stand with the auctioneer who was a young man, well dressed and with as pleasant a face as you wish to see, swinging a newspaper by the way of a hammer in his hand. The girl was neatly dressed. She had on a brilliant calico, with shining patent leather belt, and her shoes were new and her stockings white. She did not appear to be pleased with her conspicious, but was in a decided gay humor, and her bearing was as jaunty as that of a heifer in a woods pasture. She was directed to get down and walk across the floor rapidly, to show the gentlemen that she was, as the auctioneer said, 'well built from the ground up.' She walked in a way that she intended should be fascinating, and that provoked the smiles of the bystanders. The auctioneer stated that she was 'a good one,' or he didn't know them when he saw them; and he thought he ought to know 'em by that time. An old fellow from Alabama directed her to come to him and open her mouth and stick out her tongue. She obeyed, and her teeth were as pure as diamonds, her tongue and gums red as a cat's; and her mouth passed inspection with favor. The old planter examined her arms to see how she was muscled, and she displayed her leg nearly to the knee, that he might be satisfied it was all right.—When she turned about he pressed his thumbs heavily upon her shoulder blades; and as this did not trouble her with coughing or wheezing, the evidence of her soundness was considered conclusive. The auctioneer expatiated upon her many excellencies precisely as if she was a first class girl, and a sure all present that upon his honor, due a girl as she was, she was not thirteen years old. There were, he said, 'a few whip marks upon her,' but they did not hurt her a bit. She had been fractious at times, but was a good, biddable girl. He was rather disposed, I think, to reflect upon her master for having bestowed the whip marks. As she did not look vicious, she sold well. When I entered, the auctioneer was crying 'only nine hundred and twenty-five.' She brought, with hard work on the part of the auctioneer, eleven hundred and twenty dollars, I believe. When sold, she smiled off to the clerk, who was to hand her over to her new master, with an air of complacency and something like a mischievous grimace.

The next sale was that of a light mulatto girl who was warranted 'healthy and sound, and of good.' The auctioneer said of her, to excuse her diabolical appearance, that 'she had been crying all the morning,' and he mentioned as an item that would increase her value, that she was 'seven months gone in pregnancy with her first child.' He also stated that she was not yet sixteen years of age. She was intelligent in appearance, and rather pretty. Her bearing was that of extreme depression. There was nothing of the levity and enjoyment of her momentary importance that had buoyed up her predecessor, on the stand. When told to get down and walk, she moved about slowly, and in a dejected manner, yet not without something of native grace that was pleasing. She would only open her mouth a little, when told to do so, and the buyers had to pull up her lips with their fingers. While on the stand, toward the close of the bidding, she was struggling to suppress sobs, and the tears were dropping down her cheeks. She sold for \$1,200.

Next came up a boy nine years of age, a quite likely fellow, jet black, with beautiful teeth, and great, glittering, rolling eyes. When the little fellow stood up on the auction block, a mulatto attendant stripped off his shoes and stockings, and rolled his trousers up above his knees. The auctioneer said he was a sound, healthy, first rate little fellow, as 'beautiful a striper' (that is, has a clear skin and a fine development of muscles) as he ever saw. There was 'not a scar on him,' and 'he can plow, gentlemen, with one or two horses.' He sold for a round thousand dollars; and there was an appearance of pleasure and rancidity in his expression, at the fact that he had sold for so much money.

A boy about the same size followed. This fellow had a scar on his left shin, said to have been occasioned by a burn, and though the auctioneer declared the scar did not amount to anything, and the boy was as good a one as could be found, and sold as a dollar, he only brought a little over eight hundred dollars. Next, was a young, sturdy mulatto fellow—'Healthy and sound, gentlemen, and a fine good—well warrant him ourselves—a good farm hand.' See how he is built, will you?—there's a good leg, and there's an arm for you. Look at him, gentlemen.' And he had, sure enough the horny hand and the honest face of a 'good farm hand.' There was soon a spirited contest among the bidders. I saw at once by his eyes, (the only features that were expressive at the moment, for he assumed to be indifferent,) that there was one of the bidders into whose hands he hoped to fall. This was a shrewd, good-humored looking planter, and the bidding going up by tens and fives, finally narrowed down between him and a rather ill-favored professional trader. The boy's eye would twinkle with pleasure whenever the planter would give five dollars more on him, and when he was called up to him, he stated that he was 'a good boy, master.' The bidding was doubtful, and I became deeply interested, and was sincerely gratified when the auctioneer announced that he was 'gone three times,' which is the cliché phrase, to the man he wanted for a man;—to whom he had so beseechingly said he was 'a good boy,' and the poor fellow jumped down from the block with alacrity, picked up his shoes, and made his way to the back room in high spirits. I could go on with the report of the sale, but do not wish to give too much space to a description of the slave market, which I am aware that it would interest a large class of readers more than anything else. There were half a dozen other sales going on at the same time, and the auctioneers all telling the best stories they could of their wares. I will take leave of the subject by observing that all the negroes exposed for sale were dressed, but only with decency, but in many cases with decided nicety. I noticed, particularly, one company of little negro children, who reminded me of the way the best dressed children used to look at the country Sabbath schools. The little boys wore red vests with glass buttons, and had on clean white shirts with black ribbons for cravats, jockey jackets, striped socks, and high heeled shoes. The little girls, however, were more fantastic than Sunday school girls in the rural districts. One, not ten years old, had a low necked dress and hoop skirt, and the white stockings were tight and tidy about the ankle, while the shoes were patent leather.

This negro selling business is, as gentlemen here who talked with me on the subject said, 'one of the most unpleasant—the most unpleasant of the features of the peculiar institution.' But a gentleman remarked that it was 'inevitable'—and that the chances were a negro who was sold would get a better master than he parted with—for the best class of masters were not in the habit of selling. Still the negro has very strong local attachments, and the Virginia negro sold South since forever in his heart if not with his lips, the plaintive melody, 'O carry me back to Old Virginia.' They think being sold to Georgia is about equivalent to being sent straightway to hell.

## WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

[We don't know who is responsible for the following items, nor do we vouch for their literal truth. Each must judge of their credibility for himself.]

EVERETT'S LETTER.—BUNKER HILL.—BONNER.—DOUGLAS.

Everett has at length written a letter defining his position—published in the Mt. Vernon column of the Ledger of this week. He endorses the late Baltimore platform so far as it goes, but regrets the omission in it of any reference to Lexington, Bunker Hill, Yorktown, the Monument or the Mt. Vernon Fund. These are living issues, he says, which he will not see ignored. He consents to run however, with this one condition, viz: that every person voting for him shall, at the same time, contribute ten cents to the 'Mt. Vernon Fund,' and as an inducement, he offers to have the Ledger sent one year to every person so voting. Clubs of twenty, only five cents. It will be needless for me to say that the letter you may have seen in the public prints, purporting to have been written by the polished young statesman and scholar, is a spurious concern. Some think it was written by Washington Hunt as 'a gag.'

Bonner, Cobb (Sylvanus, Jr.) Dunting, Emerson Bennett, and others are here, working for him. It is said they will present him for nomination with certainty of success, both at Richmond and Baltimore. Then if Hamlin withdraws, as Lincoln undoubtedly will, as soon as he learns the unanimity with which the Little Giant is received at Baltimore, Richmond, and everywhere, the course will be clear, and Douglas and Everett will go in without any opposition; E pluribus unum gloriamur!

MASON'S COMMITTEE 'SATISFIED.'

Senator Mason says his Committee are satisfied; an outraged Senate has been vindicated. Still he would be glad to know what Hyatt don't know. The information would be of infinitely more service to the country, than what Gov. Wise does know. The Committee was never designed to find out what men know, but what they don't know.

It is understood that Gov. Wise will voluntarily go before the Covode Committee at an early day, and disclose fully how he overcame and hung old John Brown, and how he scared the Black Republican myrmidons and devils who were about invading his State—how he conquered a peace and saved the Union from impending destruction. He has recently written a letter on the subject, which he closes with this truly eloquent sentence: 'Sewer had his Greeley—Bachman his Forney—the Pass of Thermopylae had its Leonidas, and Harper's Ferry has its living hero in the person of an Ex-Governor whom modesty forbids me to mention.'

## WAS IT AN ANTISLAVERY TRIUMPH?

The Chicago Press and Tribune, in commenting upon the late action in the Methodist Episcopal General Conference on Slavery, appears to have fallen into an error. It speaks of the new chapter relating to slavery, adopted by the Conference, as 'a radical change, covering the whole ground, and by the construction given to the discipline, securing, it would seem, the same result that would have been arrived at by the change of Rule which the Conference effected.'

Now the real effect of the change appears to us precisely the reverse. Instead of the new chapter being more anti-slavery than the old, it is practically far less so. Here are the two chapters, side by side:

THE CHAPTER AS IT STOOD THE CHAPTER AS NOW REVISED.

Question.—What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?

Ans.—We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery; therefore, no slaveholder shall be eligible to any official station in our church hereafter, where the laws of the State in which he lives will admit of emancipation, and permit the 'liberated slave to enjoy freedom. 2 When any traveling preacher becomes an owner of a slave or slaves, by any means, he shall forfeit his ministerial character in our Church, unless he execute, fit be practicable, a legal emancipation of such slave, conformably to the laws of the State in which he lives.

3 All our preachers shall prudently enforce upon our members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the word of God; and to allow them time to attend upon the public worship of God on our regular days of divine service.

Now we do not think any one can fail to see: 1st, That the old chapter excludes from official station in the church all slaveholders who can legally emancipate their slaves, while the new chapter provides for no such exclusion.

2d, That the old chapter forbids traveling preachers to hold slaves, while the new contains no such prohibition.

3d, That the old chapter inculcates the necessity of teaching slaves to read the bible and attend church, while the new chapter does not.

In short, the adoption of this new chapter is, to all intents and purposes, a recession from the fifth anti-slavery ground heretofore occupied, since the new chapter contains, at the very utmost, nothing but an admonition against slaveholding, while the old contains substantial legislation against it.

This view is confirmed by the adoption in Conference subsequent to the passage of the new chapter, of a resolution declaring it to be 'advisory' in practice, declarative of a principle, and not statutory in its nature. So, instead of a rule of action, the church has got an abstraction, and in place of a statute, its discipline has been adorned with a 'glittering generality.'

The explanation of this remarkable state of things, so widely different from what seems to have been apprehended by the ultra anti-slavery portion of the Conference, is perhaps to be sought in the following circumstances. The new rule, which was rejected, contained the whole plot and marrow of the change—since it directly prohibited slave holding by members of the Methodist Church. This rule, had it passed, would have required necessary any more emphatic declaration against the institution in the chapter. But the rule having fallen to the ground, the chapter was not only useless without it, but, as is easily seen, it was an abandonment of already existing prohibitions of slave holding, in the Discipline.

If the friends of the majority report had been possessed of a discretion at all proportioned to their zeal, it is not probable they would have voted for that report, after it had been established of the vital principle. As it is, they appear to have undauntedly assisted in committing the Church to a backward movement, under the delusion that they were leading it in a forward one. The opponents of rigid anti-slavery views have gained a substantial triumph. Whether this is owing to the fact that 'the children of the world are wiser in their generation than the children of light,' does not leave us to decide.—Cin. Commercial.